



[According to the London Government Bill, there is a prospect of Ladies being Mayors and Aldermen.]

THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE LADY MAYOR, WITH MACE-BEARER, SWORD-BEARER, TOWN CLERK, AND SHE-RIVES IN ATTENDANCE.

## STEWARD !

[The new remedy for sea-sickness is to wear red spectacles, which send the blood to the head.]

At the latest cure for *mal-de-mer*

Imagination boggles !

You'd never guess—they bid you wear  
A pair of bright red goggles !

A nautical mistake is this

Some landsman has exhorted ;  
With two red lights you'd go amiss—  
One green lamp should be sported !

Thus then equipped, you'll steer your  
course

With confidence assured,  
And never raise, in accents hoarse,  
The doleful cry of "Stured!" (sic).

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S  
DIARY.

*Monday.*—Just received the following from  
my nephew MAX :—

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY,

Ass I wrote 2 or 3 weeks ago teling you we were esstablishing a School Debayting Sosity I thort youd like to know how it got on well it was all rite at first I was a Consurflative as I sed I shhood be & made STINKER one too he wantid to be a Liberal but I jolly soon made him shut up becos altho hes a rotter his vote counts all the saim I spose theres lots of rotters in the reel Parlymnt whos voten counts all the saim isnt there well SMITH Major was Pressydent & tried to cock it over the rest of us hes an ass & just when I was speeking on a Reslootion "That Rusher is the Heredtry enumny of England" JONES Major larfd sniggring ass he is well I kept quite carlm & sed if the Hon. Member (fancy him being a Hon. Member) means that as a ninsult Ile jolly well let him have it after school & then the Pressydent SMITH Major you know sed shut up & I sed I shant shut up Ile punch his head & then the fellers got round & sed have it out after four in the long feeld dont fite hear or POGGLES thaths our form master will hear you & JONES Major tride to snear & sed he diddint want to hurt the Hon. Member but I sed that be blowed I was orfly riled & after school by gum I gave it him hot he had to shut up after the 24th round he sucked a Lemmen & I a

oringe between the rounds & he sed at last hed had enuff so we shook hands & we've bin orful frens ever sinse I gave him my old bat the one that brakes every time you play with it & one of your cigars UNCLE CHARLEY witch I collard wen we wear stoping with you & he was sick after it I tell you.

The Reslootion for discussion next week is "That Lord Sorlsbrys conduct of Forren afairs meats the approove of this House" & ass Ime leading speeker for Lord S. Ime going round to sum of the little chaps jest to give them a hint that theyd better vote for my side or Ile make it hot for them its surpriseing how easy it is to get fellers—espeshally little fellers—to vote wen you jest do that & praps twist there arms a bit. If you like Ile send you result of discussion drop me a line & you mite send us sum sossages at the saim time too I mean enuff for TOMMY & me to last a fortnight we dont mind them rather high.

Your affectshunt nephew  
MAX.

AFTER AN EASTERTIDE FESTIVITY—  
ON THE INNER CIRCLE.

Guard. "Where are you for?"

Old Gent. "I'm orright—Edgware Road."

Guard. "Well, mind you get out this time.  
You've been round three times!"

## ODE TO EASTER.

(With apologies to the North-East Wind.)

WELCOME, wintry Easter,  
Shame it is to see  
Odes and songs to Christmas,  
Ne'er a verse to thee.  
Welcome, bitter Easter,  
Cut the early rose,  
Freeze the nesting black-bird,  
Nip the unguarded nose.  
Tired we were of summer,  
Voted zephyrs queer,  
When the storms of Winter  
Ought to have been here.  
Easter, send us blizzards,  
Frosts exceeding great,  
Make amends for Christmas,  
Turn us out to skate !

\* \* \* \* \*

Welcome, sunny Easter,  
Masth thou with thee bring  
All the warmth of Summer  
All the youth of Spring !  
Welcome, balmy Easter,  
Make the blossom blow,  
Give the keen manoeuvring  
Volunteer a show.  
Come with soft South-wester  
Breathing mild and kind,  
Kill the influenza,  
Knock the microbe blind.  
Easter, send us sunshine,  
Sunshine every day,  
Cricket, golf, and tennis,  
Turn us out to play !

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus the bard greets Easter  
With a double voice,  
Gents, you pays your money,  
Gents, you takes your choice ;  
For the good old weather,  
Cold or hot, allow—  
With the bard bid Easter  
Welcome—anyhow !

## Legal Enquiries.

Is it correct to describe a pair of old-fashioned spectacles as "ancient lights"?

Should an action on a "bill of sale" be brought in the Admiralty Court ?

Is the acceptance of an invitation by letter a "promissory note" ?

Are pipes and cigarettes "necessaries" for an "Infant" ?



LOOTING THE CHINA SHOP.

*Little Denmark.* "HERE I SAY! WHERE DO I COME IN?"

## A DEPRECATION.

[“Report has it that Parisian close-fitting skirts have reached a point which do not permit the wearer to sit down.”—*Fashion column of Evening Paper.*]

CHURLISH DAMON! wherefore frown?  
Why your angry brow be knitting  
At the fashion of my gown,  
Closely to the figure fitting?

Such a gibe I little heed—  
Scorn your censures magisterial—  
For I truthfully can plead  
That its cost is not material.

Justly oft did you upbraid  
DAPHNE (she must own with blushes)  
For the fortunes you have paid  
For her poplins, silks and plusses

Then forbear this once to use  
Those bad words you are so pat in,  
Now that buying gowns I choose  
One at least that can’t be sat in.

## THE BLESSINGS OF SCIENCE.

(An anticipation of the days when the Government will have provided us all with cheap telephones.)

Eminent Author discovered in his study, wrestling with the most crucial sentences of his new story. Bell of telephone on wall rings loudly.

E. A. (throwing down pen and walking across to the instrument). Dash that bell!—that’s the sixth time it’s interrupted me this morning! (Takes up tube.) Well, what is it?

Voice No. 1. One moment, Sir—only a moment. In the interests of science, which in this case correspond closely with your own, there is a question which, if you will pardon the liberty we take in so doing, we feel bound to put to you. That question, Sir, trifling as it may seem—

E. A. For goodness’ sake, hurry up! Who are you? What d’you want to know?

Voice No. 1. We, Sir, are DIBBS & Co. Limited. And the question which we would put is simply this—Have you used Dibbs’ Soap? Unrivalled in quality, creamy, superfatted—

E. A. (angrily). Go to blazes!

[Throws down tube and returns to his writing-table. After another two minutes bell rings again.]

Voice No. 2. Are you there? It’s Mrs. TOMKINSON, Gloucester Place.

E. A. (to himself). Who on earth is Mrs. TOMKINSON? Some friend of my wife’s, I suppose. (Aloud.) Well, what is it?

Voice No. 2. We’re very anxious about BOBBY. He didn’t sleep at all well, and he simply won’t touch his bread-and-milk this morning. I’m almost afraid it is measles, after all!

E. A. Sorry to hear it—but the fact is, that I’m rather busy this morning, and—

Voice No. 2. Oh, but even if you can’t come round to see him, we want your advice. Do you think a dose of quinine or . . . Really, Doctor PILLBOX, I never heard such disgraceful language! . . . What? Not Doctor PILLBOX? Aren’t you number twenty-four thousand and seventy-nine? . . . (Pause) . . . Oh, I am so sorry. I see, on looking again, that Doctor PILLBOX is twenty-four thousand and ninety-seven—most stupid mistake . . .

[E. A. flies back to writing-table. Bell rings again as he dips his pen in ink-pot.]

Voice No. 3. Hullo! . . . Ah, there you



Famous Lion Comique (to his Agent, who is not much of a cigar smoker). “WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THAT CIGAR AS I GIVE YOU THE OTHER DAY?”

Agent. “WELL, THE FIRST NIGHT I LIKED IT WELL ENOUGH. BUT THE SECOND NIGHT I DIDN’T LIKE IT SO WELL. AND THE THIRD I DIDN’T LIKE IT AT ALL!”

are. I say, come and dine with us on Thursday, will you?

E. A. (after hurried glance at engagement-book). Thanks, very much.

Voice No. 3. That’s right, then—eight o’clock.

[E. A. returns to his story; two minutes later he rushes back to telephone.]

E. A. Hi! You there! Stop! I say, wait a minute! (No answer.) Hi!! (Silence. Drops tube and gazes despairingly round room.) Now who the dickens was it that asked me to dinner? Sounded rather like LAMBERT’S voice—or was it TIMMIS? (Bell rings.) Yes, yes. (Eagerly.) I’m here—who is it?

Voice No. 4. Messrs. SETTEE, Sir, upholsterers and furnishers. May we remind you that our annual spring sale commences today? The favour of a visit is respectfully solicited. Substantial reductions in every department. All goods marked in plain figures.

[E. A. throws down tube, rushes back to his table, and begins to write. Takes no notice of the bell, which rings repeatedly,

and manages to complete four sentences before a continuous peal brings him to the telephone again—in a violent rage.

E. A. (fiercely). Oh, you’re there, are you? Well, whoever you are, you may just go away and drown yourself. No, don’t try to explain—go away, and leave me in peace—or—or I’ll come round and murder you!

Voice No. 5. So that’s the way you talk to your old Aunt LAVINIA, is it? That ever nephew of mine should take to drink—but I might have known it! Now I’m going to telephone to my solicitor, Sir, and ask him to make me a new will!

[As E. A. drops tube in horror, His Wife enters the room.]

His Wife. Didn’t you hear the lunch gong, dear? I hope you have had a nice quiet morning’s work?

E. A. (groaning). Delightful!

THE STOCK BROKER’S VADE MECUM.—A book of good quotations.



*Bystander (to Horseman, whose mount has fallen after refusing). "YOUR HORSE REMINDS ME OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE."*  
*Horseman. "ROMAN EMPIRE! WHY?" Bystander. "BECAUSE HE HAS DECLINED AND FALLEN, DON'T YOU SEE!"*

#### INFANT ASPIRATIONS.

[Being a further record of "the early impressions of famous men as to the callings they had a desire to adopt on reaching the estate of manhood;" with Mr. Punch's acknowledgments as before. N.B.—Apart from the first letter, there is no order of merit or other classification in the following arrangement.]

IT was always my ambition to become *What I am*. I know of nothing finer. H-L-L C-N-E.

P.S.—The above letter is strictly confidential, as I cannot bear to seem to advertise myself. But if you insist on publishing it, please give it a prominent position.

My Early-Victorian aspiration was to be a dashing Cavalry Officer. I fancied the Inniskilling Dragoons. Even as it is, I am sometimes mistaken for a Balaclava (Heavy Brigade) Veteran, owing to a slight suspicion of military swagger in my movements, the involuntary result of childhood's yearnings.

Yours plaintively, W. E. H. L-CKY.

My boy-heart was divided between the professions of a Cheap-jack and a Bill-poster. But, like so many brilliant young men from Oxford, I was entrapped into journalism, and finally settled into the Editorship of the Greatest Journal in the World. At first the dignity of its traditions prevented me from introducing into its pages any of the elements of my original ambition. But now, I rejoice to say, *tempora mutantur*. Our All-fired American Encyclopædia Syndicate has just concluded its Unparalleled Clearance Sale. Look out for the next chance—our Spring-Cleaning Job-lot of old Suburban Directories; also our cheap line in Half-calf Early Fathers, on the hire system. Come early with your first week's deposit, and see that we get it.

Awaiting your esteemed orders, G. E. B-CKLE.  
 P.S.—Have you tried a sample of our Old Times Gin?

As an infant I had a craving to become a Leader of Society. Later on, I penetrated the thin coating of hypocrisy which lies like an upper crust upon this seething pie of frivolity. By a natural revulsion of feeling I became a dramatic satirist, and held up to social foibles the revealing mirror of Cis-pontine Art. It is only when Society comes to my plays, and finds its own privileged actions, its own allusive speech, its own esoteric mode

of thought reflected to the life, that it learns what an impossibly ridiculous existence it is leading. It shall ever be my life-work thus to biograph with fearless accuracy the fleeting tastes of the world of Fashion. Yours, in the bonds of Art, H. A. J-NES.

With my first lessons in spelling, I resolved to become a Publisher. It seemed so pure, so beautiful a thing to be. But I knew I never could be good enough: so I became an Author, in the hope at least of catching some reflected grace from contact with my Ideal. But, alas! the image was found to have feet of putty and a face of brass. So now I throw things at it once a month in a magazine which I run express for the purpose.

Yours, very earnestly, W-L-T-R B-S-NT.

From the time when I could sing my first Dutch hymn I wanted to be an Angel, and have wings. I can't think that this notion was very uitlandish. I sometimes have a fluffy feeling down my back; and when the moonlight falls on the veldt, my hat often gets mistaken for a halo. Also, I have reason to believe that Mr. C-H-MB-RL-N once expressed a wish that I was already in H—n.

Your soaring Uncle, P-L KR-G-R.

I suppose I must have been in advance of the female movement of my day; for Oh! how I longed to be a woman-critic (or ought I to have said *critique*?). And now it can never, never be. For they say that critics are people who have failed in Art. So I can never be a critic. Yours, and humanity's, M-R-E C-R-LI.

I admit that the love of Truth is an acquired taste with me, like Gorgonzola and bitters. Otherwise I closely resembled young WASHINGTON, being fired with a passion for my country. I wanted to see England grow greater and greater every day. So I entered the Diplomatic Service and became a foreign détaché. I know better now. H. L-B-CH-RE.

I think I was still in long-clothes, a mere handful of little endearing laces and frills and things, when I was wrought upon by the passionate desire of publishing a life of myself. You know the feeling? Something that tells you that the great world is waiting to learn your story from your own perfect lips? Then came my beautiful, beautiful, hair, and grew and grew till it overshadowed every other thought. In an oval mirror, I would sit and watch

my wan face looking "like a slip of the young moon glimmering through a pine-wood"; for so I have described it in my latest autobiography—first instalment just out, price six shillings. I hardly know how many lives of myself I have written by now. There are some things the public never tire of. They may be led away for a time by the British "brutality" of a KIPLING, but they come back in the end to the "young apostle of sentiment" (see my latest autobiography—first instalment just out, price six shillings).

Yours, more beautifully than ever,  
R. LE G-LL-NNE.

I quite meant to be a temperance-lecturer. Yours, in haste,  
PH-L M-Y.

My childish brain (I use the epithet in a purely temporal sense) was haunted by a terror not commonly experienced, as I understand, by the ordinary infant. It arose from the uncertainty surrounding the authorship of the plays attributed to a certain WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. I was obsessed by the fear that I myself might conceivably be branded with the suspicion of having produced the inferior work in question. I determined at my earliest convenience to publish plays of my own, in order to refute so monstrous a theory. I should have thought that the masterpieces which I proceeded to create—some nice, others nasty—would be easily recognised as being too subtle to have emanated from the blundering intelligence which evolved the so-called works of W. S. But it seems that, owing to their originality, none of them came into sufficiently obvious competition with the journeyman labours of the other gentleman. Also a great number of them omitted to have themselves put on the stage. However, I have now gone straight to the mark; and I trust that my new play—*The Temptations of Antony Cæsar; or, Much Ado about Shaksp're*—will, once for all, clear me of the suspicion of being implicated in the authorship of *Hamlet*, &c.

Yours diffidently,  
G. B-RN-RD SH-W.

[*Telegram.*]

Reverting to last week's letter subject facial hair in navy answer to riddle why is war-lord's dilemma like our moustache because it has two horns well rowed Cambridge WILLIAM K. Potsdam.

### ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

TO THE VERY ILLUSTRIOUS MR. PUNCH.

VERY ILLUSTRIOUS SIR.—I have the honour to send you this letter, translated for me from my own language by an English friend.

For the first time I am visiting your great city. I arrived a few days ago, eager to see all the beautiful works of art which it contains. Since I was a boy I have heard of the English, and how some of them would almost go to war to preserve an old building or statue in my country. At Venice, at Florence, at Rome, the municipalities are ignorant and wilfully destroy many beautiful objects. But there are some Italians, like myself, who love the exquisite works of art which we have inherited. So when your countrymen, a few months ago, founded an English society to protect Italian monuments we were amused, but not ungrateful. I think that a certain Commendatore RICHMOND was one of the principal members.

You can imagine that I expected to see in the capital of a country so anxious, not to say so violent, in the defence of Italian art, every new building and statue as beautiful as possible, and every old work of art protected with the eager, not to say intrusive, zeal which is displayed by your country in reference to mine.

I have seen, Sir, the Temple Bar Memorial, and the statues on the Thames Embankment and at Westminster. I wish to see no more. In many Italian towns there are statues of GARIBALDI which are better. I have also seen your Palace of Justice and some other public buildings, some new streets, and Piccadilly Circus. The latter, which should have been a noble *Piazza Centrale*, is a hideous, shapeless space. It does not seem to me much more beautiful than the ugly *Piazza Vittorio Emanuele* at Florence, which the English so loudly condemn. I have therefore seen enough of your new buildings. The Municipality of London is evidently no more artistic than the Municipality of Florence.

At last this morning I think to myself that there remain the old buildings, which are no doubt protected with love and reverence. I will visit the Cathedral of London.

As soon as I arrive I see that it is the masterpiece of a great artist. The beauty of the building is in its form alone, for there is no colour, as in Italy. I enter by the west door. The interior of the nave, also designed without colour, is superb. Here is a building which even the Municipality of London would not dare to touch.

I advance, and suddenly I perceive under the great dome a space mottled with colours so hideous, so incongruous, that even an



HIS SUNDAY OUT.

Sir E. L-ws-n (out for a little Sunday exercise to improve his circulation). "FIND LONDON A BIT EXPENSIVE, DO YOU? GOT TO GET BACK TO SHEFFIELD, EH? WELL, WELL, RIGHT THING TO DO, DEAR BOY. TA-TA. VERY ODD I SHOULD HAVE STUMBLED ACROSS A SORT OF COUNTRY COUSIN OF MINE—SAME NAME, TOO—THE MOMENT I STARTED."

Italian house painter would hesitate to use them in the decoration of a restaurant. Pink, and green, and yellow! They are exactly the colours of the English lobster salad—the pink of the lobster, the green of the lettuce, the yellow of the sauce. The yellow shines in spots, the green glitters in misshapen panels, but the pink is formed by a red pattern on a white ground, resembling a cheap wall paper. Beneath, in gigantic black letters, is an inscription. Though I understand some English, I cannot read it, for the letters join and mingle together in strange and unknown diphthongs. Even here, then, the Municipality of London has laid its despotic hand! But no! I ask for information from a sacristan, and discover that this imitation of a lobster salad is the work of the Commendatore RICHMOND himself. *Diavolo!* It is he who would tell us in Italy how to manage our own business. As I hurry away I notice an alms-box inscribed, "For the Decoration of the Cathedral." Is it possible that any one can contribute?

To-morrow I return to Florence to inaugurate an Italian Society for the Protection of Ancient Monuments and Beautiful Edifices in England. Unless we, the lovers of art in Italy, interfere soon, the exterior of your beautiful cathedral may also become pink and green and yellow.

I have the honour to be Your Excellency's very humble servant,  
LEONARDO TIZIANO BUONARROTI.

CHURCH AND STAGE.—Mr. WISE, of Liverpool, wished to know "why the Bishop did not act?" The answer, which we would suggest, is evident and satisfactory, i.e. "His Lordship is not an actor." Is "WISE" an assumed name? However, "What's in a name?" Nothing; even though it suggests wisdom.

RUS IN FINLAND.—The TSAR does not contemplate a perfect picture of Finland. He wishes it to remain un-Finnish'd.



*She.* "HOW MUCH WAS OLD MR. BASKERVILLE'S ESTATE SWORN AT BY HIS NEXT-OF-KIN?"    *He.* "OH—A PRETTY GOOD LOT."

*She.* "REALLY? WHY, I HEARD HE DIED WORTH HARDLY ANYTHING!"    *He.* "YES, SO HE DID—THAT'S JUST IT."

#### "SEEING DOUBLE."

Yes, we admit the soft impeachment: we did "see double" at the Adelphi, and if ever there were a place wherein to see double, surely the Adelphi, οδός Αδελφοί, is that place for choice. Two single gentlemen are, at this theatre, distinctly and intelligibly rolled into one, in the person of Mr. NORMAN FORBES, who nightly appears as *Louis XIV*. and *Philippe Marchiali*, his brother, very much to his own satisfaction and to that of a public which loves murderous, mysterious melodrama. 'Tis a grim old story, and if it is to be classed among the "blood and thunder" pieces, surely it requires a little "lightning"? Just a trifle of light comedy thrown in, and more brilliancy, especially in the finish, would be a great relief to this sad historical tragedy, which inspired the Anthony Hopeful story of *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

And we are forcibly reminded of this latter romantic melodrama under the Alexandrine management by the presence in the cast of that first-rate comedian, Mr. W. H. VERNON, who in King Street represented the arch-conspirator, *Colonel Sapte*, but here, at the Adelphi, he appears as another arch-conspirator, The Bishop of Vannes, "in partibus melodramaticis," *Monsieur D'Herblay*. He is robbed of his rank in the bill, where his lordship is styled simply "Monsieur." The piece, excellently cast, is admirably acted, and if "our friends in front" had only been treated to some interspersed well-timed levity, and if it had ended with a blaze of triumph, just to celebrate the marriage (an important point) of *Louise de la Vallière*, charmingly played by Miss KATE RORKE, and *Philippe*, now *Louis dei Franci*, no, we should say, *Louis*, King of the French, we could have predicted the certainty of a long run and a "genuine Adelphi success." By the way, *Philippe*, impersonating *Louis*, might have started a new idea

and brought us down to the modern time of the Citizen King, LOUIS PHILIPPE. However, Mr. NORMAN FORBES cannot very well alter that now.

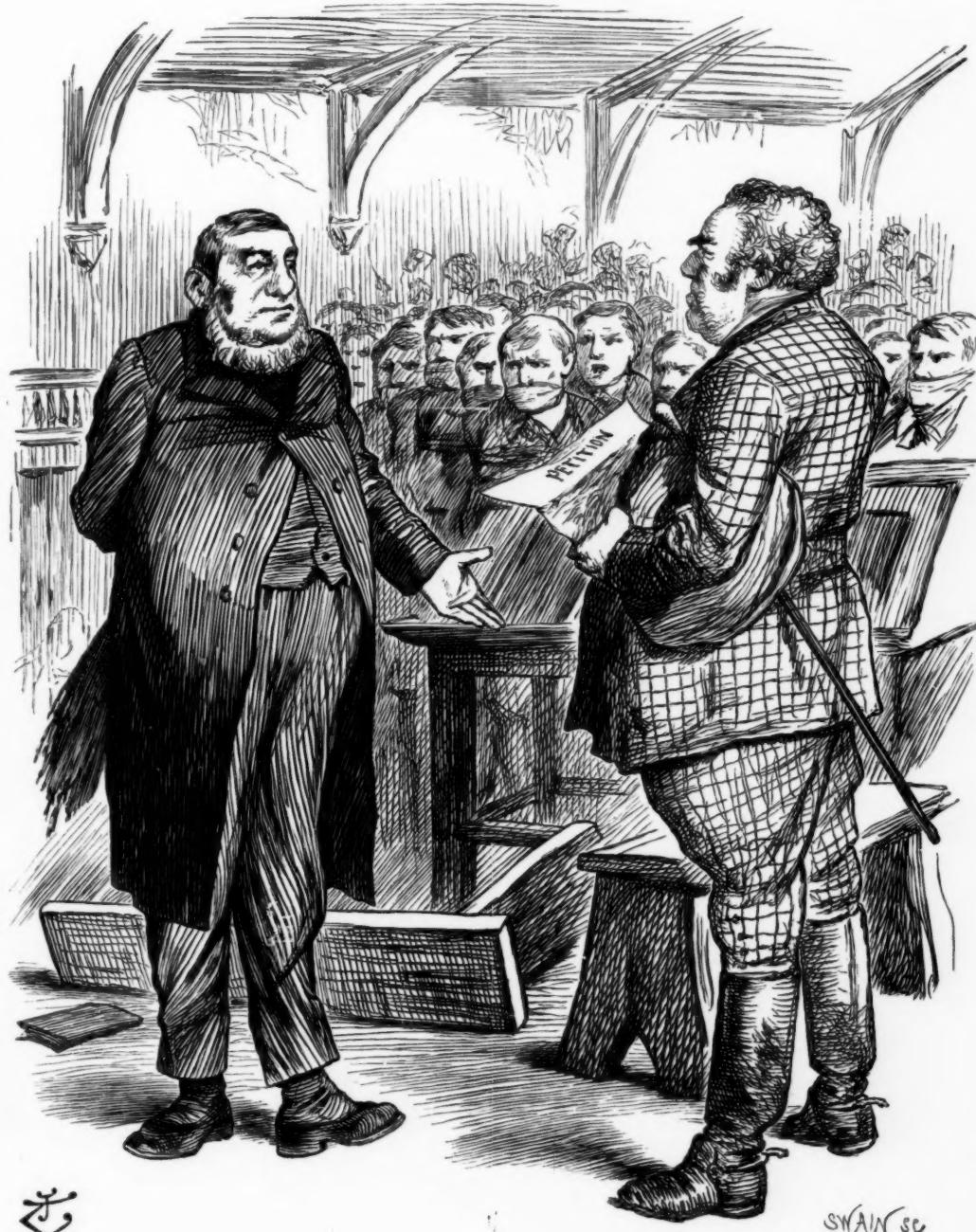
Little Miss VALLI VALLI is a most valli-able child-actress, appearing as the *Duc de Vermandois* (quite a little *Duc*!), son of *Louise de Valli Valli-ère*. Little Miss VALLI will soon be a-mountin' in her profession. Mr. ABINGDON, in high heels, silks, satins, and periwig, is as thorough a villain as ever he was in the most modern nineteenth-century costume. Miss GENEVIEVE WARD is most impressive in her short scenes as *Anne of Austria*. Her make-up and acting are both perfect. Excellent, too, is Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND as the Scotch nurse, though somehow the intended humour and pathos of the part alike miss fire.

A very strong and most effective situation at the end of the fourth act brings down the curtain to thoroughly hearty and prolonged applause. In Act V. those who, with Mr. Justice Shallow, ask, "And is old Double dead?" \* will be answered in the affirmative; and then ought to come a brilliant scene, with "Vive le Roi!"

Mr. SUGDEN's make-up for *Cardinal Mazarin* is picturesque; only he ought to be satisfied with being a picture; as a speaking likeness he decidedly does not impress us. *Hé bien!* "Double, double, toil and trouble," must Mr. NORMAN FORBES say to himself; but if merit is to be rewarded, his labour will not have been lost, and he will be "doubly" grateful. Should he go "on tour" with this piece, of course he will commence with "Dublin."

\* *Henry the Fourth*, Part 2, III., 2.

THE MADE OF THE MILL.—The winner of a boxing match at the National Sporting Club, Covent Garden.



"ALL THE COMFORTS OF A HOME!"

JOHN BULL (*Inspector of Transvaal School*). "LOOK HERE, MR. KRÜGER! I'VE JUST RECEIVED THIS COMPLAINT FROM THE BOYS. PERHAPS YOU'LL KINDLY INFORM ME WHAT IT MEANS?"

MR. KRÜGER (*Headmaster*). "COMPLAINTS, MR. BULL! I'VE HEARD NO COMPLAINTS! WHY, THEY'RE AS HAPPY AS THE DAY IS LONG!"





## EASILY REMEDIED.

Mother (who has offered Bobbie some barley-sugar). "OH, BOBBIE, I'M AFRAID THAT'S TOO BIG A BIT!"

Bobbie (biting off and eating about half). "NOW IT'S NOT TOO BIG, MUMMY!"

## THE ONLY WAY.

(*A Fragment of a Romance of a Budget.*)

"I MUST do it!" observed the millionaire gloomily, as he read an account of the requirements of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "The deficit is not the fault of the right hon. gentleman. It was to make England great and respected that the money was expended, and yet if there is to be fresh taxation the blame will be laid at his door. It shall not be!"

And then once more he wrinkled his brow in serious thought.

"Yes," he repeated, "it must be done, and yet I fear the pain."

Then he thought of the latest novel from a female pen.

"That should do the deed;" and he sat down and steadily began to read. He was weary, and his eyes closed. But he awakened himself by pinching his arms, and went on reading.

He read, and read, and read, and still went on reading.

Then he became distraught, and at length he died.

\* \* \*

"Noble patriot!" exclaimed the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with tears in his eyes. "Had it not been for him the very existence of the Ministry might have been

in danger. Like a modern CURTIUS, he has jumped into the deficit!"

And the Chancellor of the Exchequer met the House with a bold front because his budget balanced, thanks to a considerable increase—at the last moment—in the Death Duties!

## HOW TO WRITE A "PLAY NOVEL."

(From our Experienced Dramatist.)

KEEP as many of the names in the original as possible, and to some extent annex the dialogue appropriate to the characters. Change time and scene as much as you please. Alter the plot to suit the exigencies of the stage and the company. Be sure to have a prologue in which you can introduce what in your opinion the novelist has unwisely omitted. Preserve the title of the story, and obtain the consent of the author to your proceedings. Cut and contrive to any extent, and remember that what may be well for the library won't do for the stage. Knock the book about until its creator will find it difficult to recognise it, then serve it up before the critics, and be told on the morning following its production that you have taken a dainty dish and made a mess of it.

Another and better way. Write a play and then novelise it. As to date of appearance,

first come first served. But bear in mind that the treasury of the theatre is about six times as productive of profit as the counting-house of the Publisher.

## PALMISTRY.

Rondeau.

UPON her hand the lines I trace,  
And like a Seer of ancient race,  
Foretell a tale of bane and bliss,  
But while thus occupied, I wis,  
I note the beauty of her face.

Her tiny wrists are lapped in lace,  
Which only half conceals their grace,  
And with respect I press a kiss  
Upon her hand.

Then as my passion grows apace  
I have a longing to embrace  
This dear delightful Merry Miss,  
But she will not permit of this,  
Till I a golden circlet place  
Upon her hand.

## RE-DRESSING THE WRONGS.

(Parliamentary Gossip of a future date.)

[The State legislature of Wisconsin is at the present time engaged upon the consideration of a Bill for the Prohibition of Tight-lacing.—*The World.*]

It is clear that the Government have no light task before them if they intend to pass even a few of the principal bills included in their programme for the Session. The Small Shoes Amendment Act, for instance, is considered by some members to be far too mild a measure for carrying out a much needed reform. On the other hand, I hear that Lord CHARLES BERESFORD intends to move its rejection when the bill comes up for second reading. His experience in China leads him to believe that the smallest size of shoe is by no means unbecoming.

The Divided Skirt Act, again, is sure to provoke a great deal of criticism. As at present drafted, it makes the wearing of this form of garment a penal offence.

Very general disappointment is expressed in the Lobbies that the Government has not announced its intention of dealing drastically with Ties. It is contended that the present size of the fashionable tie constitutes a grave national danger. What makes the omission strange is that, by some technical flaw, ties are held to be excluded from the operation of the "Frills and Fripberries Act" of last Session. A huge demonstration took place at the Albert Hall last night, at which speakers of all shades of political opinion agreed in declaring prompt legislation in the matter to be necessary, and numerous petitions to the same effect are being received from all parts of the country.

As usual, there are a huge number of private bills to be brought in, though their chance of becoming law is remote indeed. Many of them come from those well-meaning faddists who wish Parliament to spend its time in providing a more efficient Army and Navy, and other equally unimportant details. These gentlemen seem incapable of understanding that while so many serious problems of dress-reform remain to be dealt with, it is useless to expect the House of Commons to waste its hours over such a trumpery matter as National Defence.



## EASTER RECREATIONS.

*Enthusiastic Skipper (to friend). "AH, MY BOY ! THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED. IN A SHORT TIME YOU 'LL FEEL YOURSELF A DIFFERENT MAN!"*

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PRODUCTION of a second essay is a critical time for man or woman who has, earlier, burst out of obscurity with a story that set the world a talking. In *A Double Thread* (HUTCHINSON), ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER comes well out of the ordeal. As a story *Isabel Carnaby*, though in plot less elaborately constructed, is perhaps the better. It certainly has more flesh and blood in it. Miss FOWLER's falling, a serious one for a novelist, is occasional inability to individualise all the characters that crowd her pages. She does not so much create men and women as she labels lay figures, and, from an overflowing store, distributes among them smart things to say. The smart things are very good, often in the quickness of their insight, the profundity of their wisdom, the glow of their humour, and the epigrammatic turn of their phrasing, reminiscent of GEORGE ELIOT. The difference is that whilst every one of GEORGE ELIOT's men, women, and children breathe and live and have their distinct being, there are groups of Miss FOWLER's puppets who are mere names. In *A Double Thread* the best characters are two of minor account—*Clutterbuck*, the gardener (a fresh, original study), and the Rector, *Philip Cartwright*. Miss FOWLER would have vastly increased the human interest of her story if, after the desertion of *Miss Harman* by that pragmatical prig, *Captain Le Mesurier*, she had married her to the Rector. To my Baronite's fancy the gem of the novel is the story, exquisitely told in a dozen pages, of how the Rector loved and lived and did not marry. Miss FOWLER has not, as yet, nearly fulfilled the promise of her start. That it was a bold, high flight appears from the circumstance that a study of her second novel suggests comparison with GEORGE ELIOT. *A Double Thread* at least sustains the promise.

In styling his melodramatic story *The Silent House in Pimlico* (JOHN LONG), FERGUS HUME has chosen an attractive title, which is somewhat discounted by its publisher's choice of a cover. Two shadows on a blind, however mysterious in the narrative, only remind us of *Les Ombres Chinoises*, which are still the cause of much merriment. But let not the doubting reader be put off by the shadows, for the substance of the story will be found, by those who revel in crime and its detection, to be most exciting. The trail is crossed again and again, and just as we think we are to

hear the "view halloo!" we are put off the scent and have to start afresh. The construction of the plot is very ingenious, and the hero, a near relation to SHERLOCK HOLMES, distances the professional detective who is generous enough to take up the running just at the point where the amateur breaks down. As a lively bit of sensationalism pour passer le temps the Baron can honestly recommend *The Silent House*.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

## LYRICAL OUTRAGES.

## VII.—ALL FOR—MONEY.

O TALK not to me of a name great in story,  
A name that is money's the essence of glory;  
And a "good thing" producing per cent. five-and-twenty  
Is worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns if your clothes are all shabby?  
They would be like a peerage conferred on a cabby;  
My head scorned them when young, and it scorns them now hoary,  
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

O Fame!—if thy smiles ever seemed to me vital,  
'Twas less for the sake of high honours or title,  
Than to make the Investor disposed to affect us  
On the strength of my name in some doubtful prospectus.

Fortune only I've sought, and (no matter how) found her—  
Some people have called me "unscrupulous bounder"—  
But my bank-book shows all that is bright in my story,  
I know it is cash, and I feel it is glory.

WILL "the Guinea Public," as the astute interviewer said to Lady RANDOLPH à propos of her *Anglo-Saxon Magazine*, meaning those of the public who have a guinea to spare, keep up the demand for this luxurious light literature? There are always a lot of "guinea-pigs" ready to accept shares and office on every and any direction. But these are guinea-pigs who take, but do not spend, the guinea. We hope there are lots of spare guineas about, and that her ladyship will find her new literary field "ripe with golden grain."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, March 27.—The Right Hon. JEMMY LOWTHER, M.A., Alderman for the North Riding of Yorkshire, sitting meditative in his corner seat below gangway. First section of Session drawing to close. Easter holidays at hand; wondering where he'll go to church on Good*

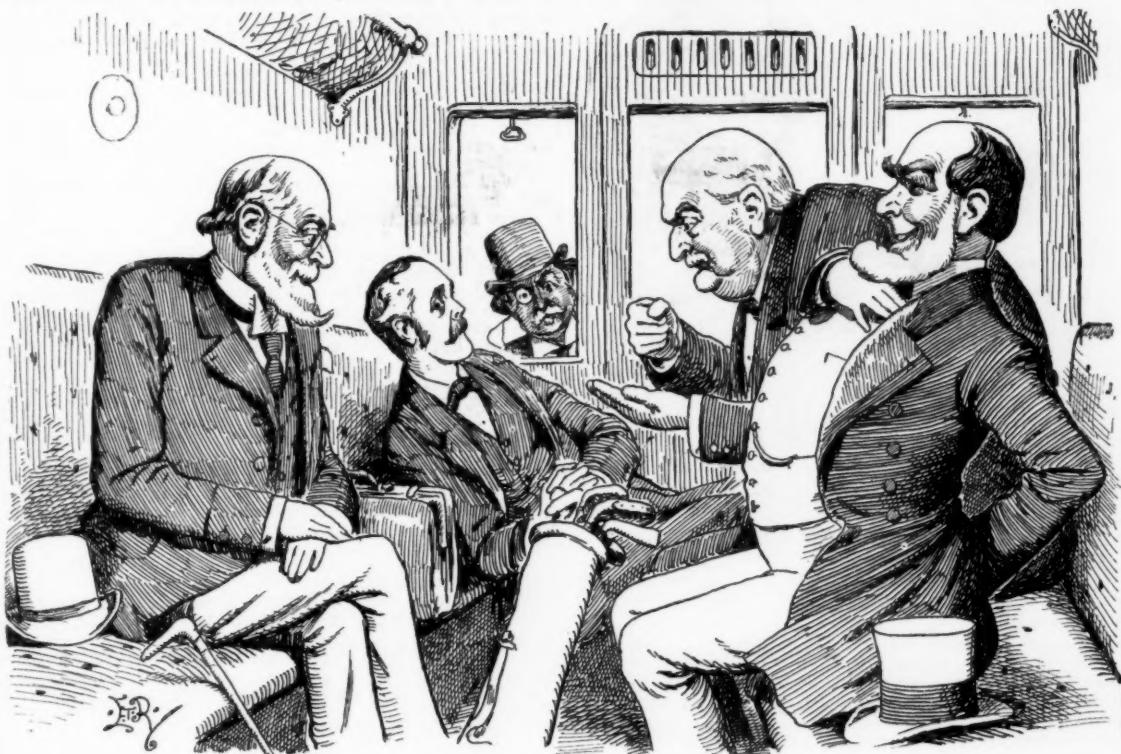
in glazed white hat, with mauve and orange necktie, white waistcoat, and dust-coat. JESSE COLLINGS, in similar picturesque garb, in attendance, book in hand.

That, of course, optical delusion dissipated by rubbing the eyes. But no mistake about the bet. COURTYNE, grieved beyond control that House should be deprived of opportunity of hearing FAITHFULL BEGG to-morrow night descent on woman's rights, rises in wrath and a buff waistcoat to denounce

purposes of adjourning over Easter, or meeting at usual time to proceed with discussion of motion relating to woman's rights. I'll back the adjournment."

"What's the odds?" JEMMY shouted, and, jumping up, pulled suspicious-looking book from his breast-pocket.

"Order! Order!" cried the SPEAKER, and the worthy Alderman, recollecting in a moment where he was, secreted the book, and resumed his seat.



MR. BALFOUR'S HOLIDAY NIGHTMARE!

He dreamt he was starting off in a carriage with Mr. C-RTN-Y, Sir J-HN G-RST, and Mr. M-CL-N, all of whom he has invited to spend the holidays with him. The climax was reached when the eagle eye of Sir ELL-S ASHM-D B-RTL-TT detected a vacant seat and he joined the party.

Friday, when his reverie broken in upon by startling sound. Is it? Yes—no. Can it be? It is!

PRINCE ARTHUR standing at table of House of Commons offering a sporting bet! In moment of excitement JEMMY sees his right hon. friend perched on empty champagne case set in the stricken field, arrayed

PRINCE ARTHUR's infringement of rights of private members. Here's where the sporting offer came in.

"I am quite ready," said PRINCE ARTHUR, "to leave this matter to decision of private members. Government Whips shall not interfere; members go as they please on question of meeting at noon to-morrow for

*London Betting*.—Westminster and Suburban; 100 to 1 against Woman's Rights running to-morrow night. The price remained on offer.

*Tuesday. Business done*.—Adjourned for Easter Holidays. S. Y. L., as the American widow engraved on her husband's tomb, meaning, "See you later."

## THE GOOD OLD (SUNDAY) TIMES.

[*The Sunday Times*, which, inter alia, contains an allusion to *Verdant Green* in *Tom Brown at Oxford*, refers to the past glories of Brasenose, when it bumped its fellow-colleges on the Cherwell."—*Daily Paper*.]

Ye bells of Oxford, mellow chimes,  
Most musical ding-dong,  
Inspire with melody my rhymes  
The while beneath these knotted limes  
I muse upon the good old times,  
Forgotten—ah, how long!

In fancy's eye, methinks I see  
The gallant eight of B.N.C.  
Careering up the Char;

Isis they scorn, and like a salmon  
They leap the rollers there (no gammon!)  
Swift as a shooting star.

Scared like a shoal of startled fry  
The men in Parson's Pool do fly,  
Dive, vanish, scurry helter-skelter,  
Swim, flounder to the bank for shelter  
Until the boat is by.

To race on Cherwell is an art  
Whereof no longer any knowledge is,  
Yet B.N.C. with dauntless heart  
And straining sinews forward dart  
To bump their fellow-colleagues.  
O Char, most tortuous of streams,  
Where is the daring cox that dreams  
To navigate thy course that teems  
With weed and stump and dam?

O idle toil! It were less vain  
To row a bump-race in a drain,  
Or even on the Cam!  
Then am I drunk that I should see  
These startling feats of B.N.C.?  
I think—and doubtless you'll agree—  
I rather think I am.  
O good old times! O golden days,  
The subject of my rhymes!  
Mine eyes in wonderment I raise  
When I reflect upon your ways,  
O good old (Sunday) Times!

*LEGAL ENQUIRY*.—If I give my landlord a month's notice to expire, on the 10th of the month, shall I make myself liable to a charge of manslaughter?



*The Despondent Amorist.* "IT'S NO GOOD, OLD MAN. SHE SAYS THAT HER DECISION IS IRREVOCABLE."

*The Cheerful Cynic.* "THEN CHEER UP, MY BOY. A WOMAN WHO HAS THE AUDACITY TO MAKE SUCH A STATEMENT AS THAT CAN'T POSSIBLY KNOW HER OWN MIND!"

#### ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS.

THAT I have the artistic temperament, no one, I think, who knows me (and has suffered from my habit of being late for dinner) would for a moment deny. The power of creation, too, is in me, I feel sure, though other pre-occupations and a certain curious dislike to exertion has until now precluded my making my mark.

True, I wrote a poem once—the quaintest Arabesque—mistaken for a parody, and as such printed by some stupid journal, where it had its measure of success. Sometimes I whistle and hum melodies that surprise me by their originality, and that I cannot help thinking, if carefully orchestrated and elaborated, might—who knows?—revolutionise British music. I still keep, framed, a pencil sketch done when a mere boy about seven. The subject is, I think, a windmill, but about this I am not sure. There is no doubt that the signature is my own—CECIL CARINGTON, very clearly written—though there are critics who think it may not be a genuine CARINGTON, but merely a work of the same school done perhaps by one of his masters.

I have myself no very clear opinion on the subject, but if it has any value, that value must reside in the fact that the drawing is unique. If I did it, it is the only one I have ever done in my life. You will see, then, that when a great wave of ambition swept over me and I resolved at any cost to leave my footprints on the sands of time, the one difficulty was—which art to choose.

I decided on literature.

I would make a name, a great name. I would stand side by side with FLAUBERT, shoulder to shoulder with TOURGENIEV, back to back with BALZAC. And at the same time I would do something entirely new in that I would immediately assert myself by appealing at once to the multitude and to the *élite*. I would

fascinate and instruct the populace by the same work of which the handful of great judges would say, "Here we recognise a master-hand." I would combine the depth and wisdom of a MEREDITH with the exquisite style of a STEVENSON, and the strange, popular charm of a CORELLI.

"What a good idea!" my wife said, when I communicated my intention to her. "Will you do it this morning, dear, while I am writing out the invitations for our dinner-party?"

"I will begin. I have my idea for a clear-cut gem of a story. But please write your invitations in another room."

"Oh, no, dear. You mustn't disassociate your wife from your life-work. I should simply love to be in the room while you are writing a great work of genius and earning fame and glory. Besides, I shall want your advice about whom to ask, and any addresses that I may forget."

"I assure you, DOROTHY, it is never done."

"What nonsense, CECIL. What about MILTON? Didn't his daughters help him?"

"Ah, that was quite different. You see, MILTON was blind. And I never heard that they helped him by writing invitations and consulting him while he was writing *Paradise Lost*."

"Well, Mrs. BROWNING, Mrs. CARLYLE, and Lady BYRON, didn't they share in their husbands' pursuits?"

I saw I had to give in, so consented.

I had definitely settled that my story should have an "artistic ending." With the care and elaboration of a true artist, I had, in my mind, polished and re-polished the final phrase. To strike the note, to leave the impression on the reader—that is what one should strive to do. I could not think of anything yet but the last sentence; but the rest would come to me. And I wrote down this phrase, the cadence of which should carry my name down through all the ages. "Outside, the sea murmured.—*Finis.*"

"CECIL, dear, do the HENDERSONS live at 105, or 106, Cadogan Terrace? We simply must ask them—although I loathe her—because they sent us a horrible wedding-present. Besides, I want her to see my dress from PAQUIN. Besides, they are rather a charming couple in a way. I am sure you would like him, because he collects postage-stamps and recites to music in the style of CLIFFORD HARRISON, which makes him rather an acquisition—not that I would allow him to do it in my house, would you, dear? Now, would you, dear?"

"Outside, the sea murmured," I repeated to myself, frowning, and lighting a cigarette.

"CECIL, dear, I hope you won't mind my asking ARTHUR CAVENDISH. Of course he bores me because he rather lets one have it about the Popes, and CÆSARS, and the German Emperor, and that sort of thing; but he is awfully cultured and clever, and handsome and *chic*, and a sort of celebrity. And people can go about saying, "Who do you think I met at the CARINGTONS? ARTHUR CAVENDISH."

"Outside, the sea murmured," I repeated again, taking a turn round the room. I was beginning to lose the thread of my idea. "Outside, the sea..."

"Really, CECIL, I do think you make a mistake, shutting yourself up for such hours with your work. It can't be good for the brain to stick to one subject so continuously. I know what it will be. You will be overworked, and have to go out of town in the middle of the season. I've finished now, and I really think you ought to come out for a brisk walk in the Park. Glory and fame and all that are all very well, but I do think it is one's duty not utterly to neglect one's wife and one's home. Not that I am jealous of your art, darling. On the contrary, I should like to spur you on and inspire you. Still, you must remember that you have some social obligations. Literature is quite nice at times, my dear, but then you know there is a time for everything."

"Perhaps you are right, dear," I said, laying down my pen. It is curious how exhausting the strain of mental work is. The greatest minds need some relaxation, and I thought that perhaps I should find some inspiration in the rhododendrons.

**So LIKE HIM!**—Last Monday Sir CHARLES SCOTTER ("CHARLES his friend," and everybody else's) was the recipient of a testimonial from some thirteen thousand L. & S.-W. employees, subscribing from one penny to one shilling, the maximum fixed, in the form of a portrait of himself, "done in oils," by Mr. H. T. WELLS, "Oil Wells." Let WELLS alone to do a good portrait, and this one had no need to be a "speaking likeness" while the original was present to address the crowded and enthusiastic meeting; but, when alone, the portrait will "speak for itself." With great skill the artist has depicted the L. & S.-W. R. lines, lines of careful thought, on the countenance of the distinguished sitter. Sir CHARLES made a first-class speech, and tender allusion to the orphanage children, who were among the donors. *Ad multos annos, Sir CHARLES!*